God saue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* saies,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine daies.
What more remaines?
North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grieuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profite of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.
Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
Follies My Weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland?*
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
bait Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilate*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my sowre Crosse,
And water cannot wash away your sinne.
North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traitor with the rest;
For I haue giuen here my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
a soueraigne Made glorie base, and Soueraignrie a slaue;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No

No not that name was giue
But tis vsurpt; alacke the
That I haue worne so man
And know not now, what
O that I were a mockerie
Standing before the sunne
To melt my selfe away in
Good King, great King; a
And if my name be starlin
Let it command a mirrou
That it may shew me wha
Since it is banckrout of h
Bul. Go some of you a
North. Read ore this pa
Rich. Fiend, thou torm
Bul. Vrge it no more,
North. The commons
Rich. They shall be sa
When I doe see the very
Where all my sinnes are
but Giue me the glasse: no de
Hath sorrow stroke so ma
Face of mine, and made
Oh flattering Glasse, like
Was this the face that cu
Houshold roofe did keep
Was this the face that faa
And was at last outfaast
A brittle Glorie shineth
As brittle as the Glorie is
For there it is crackt in a
Marke silent King the
How soone my sorrow h
Bul. The shadow of y
The shadow of your fa
Rich. Say that againe
Ha lets see: tis very true

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAN